

Treatise on the
Importance of Nature:

The Autumnal Sound of
Sunrise Parts I, II &
III

By

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The Autumnal of Sunshine

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Indana Simonde

“Take responsibility for
your actions..” Mary
Kapulu Mayondi
Simonde

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Part I Poetry

Dear sir/madam,

The idea that a black hole accelerates in intensity eating, consuming and ripping molecules or even atoms apart one electron at a time is scary right? Now picture it's opposite, a star, consuming energy on its surface and burning everything in a near vacuum. Space has very few lanterns, but stars are our only lanterns in what is ultimately a desert

with next to no water. That is, planets that can hold life being an oasis in the desert.

Now picture mankind, flying through that desert en route to a black hole, a military encampment in the desert forcing the world to look at existence in a new light. In your own mind, define the butterfly effect; good, small actions reflecting the larger synergistic whole of global behaviour. A

breath could become
a whisper which in
turn becomes a
hurricane caused by
(you guessed it) solar
entities and stars
which eventually
become part of the
stream of black holes
(supermassive which
is 21 billion stars
trapped in gravity) on
the other side of the
universe.

Now picture the
butterfly effect again,
but on a much
grander level (prior
to our own star

imploding with no
route to kick start the
suns fusion process).
With every particle in
the known and
unknown universe
dancing a choral song
of the likes none can
comprehend
(eternity). If there is
no unison and no one
will listen then keep
trying, because we all
deserve a future. It is
important; nay
imperative it be
understood, once
Martian terrain is a
new seat for the
crumbling ruins we
call home. What of the

future ruins of a
planet yet to be built;
so beautiful it makes
the stars cry at night
for they only wish to
sing daytime
eternally; stripping
this planet of
atmosphere (as with
Mars of yesteryear)
one electron at a time.

Is it time sir to teach
our children science
and politics? Or will
we keep screaming
patriotic songs to the
dismay those who
wish discovery in
modern schools and

modern nurseries
with cots that project
education. Education
being the only
equality they (we)
have never had and at
this rate, after
centuries of evolution
(Darwinian) through
to the modern nature
of democratic rights
and freedoms we
might never have.
Please fight for more
time.

Flickering, before the final
seconds, the last
embers are aglow of a
dimming steadiness
no more; without
muse or visionary
causes what are we?
Hopelessly hoping for
today, yesterday's
tomorrow, morning
and night within the
dimension of another
waxy attempt to

glorify a language
unspoken in the fires
of reality and faith.
Quietly quell the
ramble or rabble on
once again, for
empires lost and
lovers unspeakable.
Thus begin again,
speak to a heart once
more as it flutters a
breath.

Unconnected devoid of
stanza

1. At first the source of all
things, an epicentre
more resplendent
than the source of all
things, is it to the eye
than simplicity cares
caressing sheets with
tears blossoming out
one eye or another.
I'm orator or
narrator, defining the
journey of a prayer, a

reality and lack
therefore of.

2. Tomorrow's sunrise am
I, composed of a
language ancient and
honourable, or not so,
yet still the search for
that with which I
yearned so long ago;
education or change
for a younger age of
transparency.
Embittered, battling
corruption and the
solitude of a duet, it
appears as the first
words.

3. What does it mean, to
sing of love; to talk of
it or think it through
as an honourable
tribute; devotion and
the dream of a
universe? Or an order
temporal, temporary
in all but that word
yet again, love until
loves end. When with
tears the parting of a
tree as a falling
droplet of rain
symbolises the same
from on high.
4. Viewed without,
forgiven within; the
dreams of days past

present time appear
as gifts and imparted
upon a mind without
wisdom to word
through muddied
rain, beyond twisted
oaken branches and
gnarled roots the
sacrifice is slain for
all. Heavenly descent
in instantaneity,
ascension catches a
helpless babe for but
want.

5. Terror, no one wants to
be colourless;
travailing in quiet
fortitude towards a
rainbow of darkest

foreboding space.
Emptied of all but the
deepest, darkest,
emptiest of black
nights, a hand upon a
control pad moves
gently reminding
memory that
existence is now more
than just an island or
a planet. But rather a
spacewalk with
Plancks constant.

6. "Ah, well!" The bar
keep began
exuberantly to a
rapturous cacophony
of claps and cheers,
jeers and bangs on

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oaky floorboards dust
covered and filled
with all manner of
liquids and libations.
Should he have
forgotten the reason
for a celebration?

7. Beholder of an all
seeing series, leader
and master in a
direction;
ionospheres, the
threes not twosome
oxygenated air begins
to thin a gap amidst
fears of pushing
atmospheres to
breaks anew, hope
rests not in one

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individual but all. So
to you I beg, I beseech
remember her smile.

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The Piano

Today I live, She dances,
singing a tune to
herself

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For none but one, her
own; her creator

The saviour, for none but
one

She creates a dream of
wrestled leaves

And leaves flakes of
sunlight on
windowsills

Her creators, for none but
one

She carousels, with flute
and violin

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Towards the light of a new
day

Until the Base tone of a
new song

When she dances, and
creates and fades
behind clouds singing
“Today, I live!”

Violin

Devious dastardly design
of a downward dancer

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Likened to the likeness of
lossless light
luminescent

An apparition of angelic
answers,

Angling away tonight,
turn towards the
township; tonight
Yawning

Tomorrow they try to
turn the tide,

As again, aghast, angered,
alone

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Life's loves lived;
distraught and
downhearted
divination they'll say
behind shades

"Life's loves lived behind
smiles towards
angels"

Wordless Classical

The undertones of a
defeated defector

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All for love of sunshine's
autumnal glow

All stand still as clouds
and distance define
the coming of winter

Furious is times hand,
flowing and ebbing in
the wind

Whilst away towards a
question of echoes to
silence it flies Slowly,
glumly or quickly and
non-descript

The Autumnal of Sunshine

With faces and shadows in
the clouds

But always to the silent
chatter of birds calls
no more

An empty barren place,
where once was a
bustling thoroughfare

Now remains craters and
a hole of a place

Such that not even the
moon can shed a tear
at memories forgotten
grace

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And so to darkness,
solemn, heavy dark
closing cloud

The hope of positive
interchange all but
gone, it was almost a
figment of my narrow
memory; then, like a
sudden and almost
blinding sunrise, or
headlights in the

morning embers at
dawn the news
broadcast reminded
him of the days
events. He looked
around his room,
times echo cast
across every surface
as a result of the lamp
on the floor, causing
the dark reflection of
shadows to fall upon
the rooms web of
interconnected but
distant reality. His
room was a mess, and
for a while with
imagination he
appeared happy.

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Fin

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Part II – The New
Battlefield

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**The Native-American
First Lady**

Imagine the romance
devoid of isolation,

With the love of your life
by your side

Less miserable and more
rain on windowsills

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Warm sandy beaches and
shimmering water

Imagine thee the love of
your life,

With love holding no
bounds

Less being the more of an
old stone-wash

Warm cups and mugs and
shimmering
reflections

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The mire and dirt

They stand poised, arms
and legs amidst it all;

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The trees in camouflage
swing and sway,

Whilst in silence the wind
batters left and right.

Deafened by the sound of
mechanicals in the
distance,

Hissing and huffing,
bustling and crushing
it arrives,

For all its worth, a mile
and a half away.

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Amidst greens and brown,
half of it lays,

Praying and preying
inside of its claspings
claws,

Untold, the many it's
taken.

Objection to the sight of
reflection bereft;

Of the clitter-clatter-
cobble of footfalls,

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No more resounding in
great halls or food
courts.

They, the children of
menageries fallen fear
no more,

The leaves and tides, til
even tide,

Its mouth rises, only to
sink in silence.

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**The misdirected
midshipman**

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As it sailed on a sail less-
a-ship,

Facing a direction that
was far from union
and the rest;

With others forming
leagues and sampling
the blue,

No thoughts of cathedrals
and museums,

Resplendent in their
waking majestic.

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Wooden oaks and
mahogany boards,

With rope and metal
reflecting the deep
beyond,

A mouse was spied in a
trap no less,

Its legs the object of
ridicule in times gone
by.

Vocal of their caring
ingredients,

The Autumnal of Sunshine

Caressing the flavour of
the salt,

Around suffering sullied
tongues,

Until the spitting pitter
patter of a foreman
goes forth.

Today, like every other,
control was not in a
studio,

Accommodation and the
brickwork of an
ancient posting,

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Rather it was the forward
momentum raw,

Of a need for subsistence,

And in silence we honour
them.

The Scientific Method

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Defining the nature of a
language,

the nature of a word;

The honour of worship at
Christmas reminds

Him, her and them of his
name.

In a banquet for many,

Along canals and in
streets;

In houses and homes,

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A long way from the
hallowed eve of saints

In which a solitude of the
self denotes a
loneliness.

The shadow in the corner
looks light and dark,

Diamonds upon diamonds
in a lattice;

With a bulb of photons,

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Hiding the smoke in the
room.

Today art thee holy
culcated

Made warm through,
until the light
becomes you,

Such that caelum and
deus become the
banquet

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Lilac

Rocks to wood, cement to
mortar,

The exposed brickwork
and chipped paint of
it;

Pinks, purples and fuscia
don't compare

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In their reflective nature.

Composed of crystal and
submerged in water,

It sits, curling and
twirling to the light;

Some bloom and blossom,
others unfurl

Whilst it is green lines in
darkness and in light.

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After warfare consumes
to oblivion's end,

a single petal falls;

Like a teardrop consumed
and returning

To the ground.

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The High Towers

There was once a time,

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In an age of affluence and
impunity,

Their two shallow
shadows in marble
and rose

Standing for the pillars of
justice and poise,

Posing on clouds and
reflecting the same

Down, down, down there
is nothing,

Letters saved, letters left
and letters sought

The Autumnal of Sunshine

Think now of darkness
inherent;

The culture of the
branches root,

Forking and snaking their
way through time,

History saved and history
made,

From snow covered lofts
to lodges on high,

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The embossed nature of it
in copper and rose
gold

Defines the slow
meandering cull of
time

Sign of the Times

They don't know how
hard any of us tried,

Or perhaps they designed
life in such a way,

Cathode rays and
memories,

Hidden phones and lives
owned;

Once I thought it true, a
world unlike me and
you,

But worlds apart in anger
burning,

Or hearts avoided, souls
still yearning,

I held a grudge, but that
was me,

You held a grudge and
sore to see.

The Autumnal of Sunshine

Only time will tell, when
you are older,

Whether yours will dwell
in seas or bolder,

So many ways, and yet a
folly

Hidden bones and lives
crowned,

Once I thought it true, a
world unlike me and
you,

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But worlds apart in anger
burning,

Our hearts devoid of souls
still turning,

Who held a grudge, that
wasn't me;

You held the grudge and
bore it see,

Only time to fell a fallen
tree

Whether your or mine,
admirably,

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Tell me a story and give
me poetry,

Fish out tomes and live on
loan,

Once you sued, ah just
like you,

But worlds apart in anger
furling,

Your hearts a point of
souls still fuming,

Who holds a grudge I
cannot see;

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Why hold a grudge,
withhold it from me.

The Angry Savage

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He was ten when I
watched the tears
held back,

Ten when I saw clenched
fists,

A young man in the
making and still heart
is aching.

They were nine when I
watched the fears
waking,

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Nine when I watched lists,

Formulating in the mind
and still the heart is
aching.

She was eight when we
went outside, dawn of
a day breaking,

Eight when the we
witnessed the mist,

Falling upon uncertain
times, and still the
heart is aching

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Seven was the battle not
the war making,

Seven was there three or
two, angry and sun
kissed,

Forevermore a woman
own, and steady my
aching heart

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Part III – Discourses and
Treatises

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**Treatise on the
importance of
Family**

Family in the modern sense of the word has changed throughout the evolution of mankind to mean many things. There are some who would promote the ideal of a strong and stable family to mean religious congregation en masse which involves a certain level of

dedication to the pious nature of religiosity, in this sense I mean faith based worship. To others, family means a trade or career in which the individual might focus on congregating with people they may (or may not) have a direct relationship with. To others still, family means the people one might attribute the kinship and fellow ideals of organisation and conglomeration of

thought word and deed.

This last example of a corporation would entail corporate methodologies, strategies and direction of a workflow; menial and highly specific tasks worked by people who may be overly qualified in a specific task, whilst more specialised tasks being graded as skilled work only applicable upon knowledge and skills

based training. in this specific example, the family will be based around one key idea or ideology per se, that of people with familial relations and (or) blood relatives.

Whilst it has been noted in patriarchal and matriarchal environments and societies that families are based around the heads of any household, the identity of a household is the senior most person in

that family. In my own direct and extended family, my mother is the head of my family. As head of a single parent household, she controls the course and directs the fate of myself and my siblings through her devotion, dedication and unconditional love towards myself and my siblings.

Patriarchal families are families in which there is a male head of the household; this

can be through marriage or through the breakdown of a relationship leading to one parent (or in some instances both male parents) running their own affairs away from the children's' other parent(s). Whilst the aim of this Treatise is not to define the nature of Modern households, nor is it designed to condescend the reader, rather it is designed to elucidate the reader as to the

importance of the family.

Matriarchal families such as divorced families and families in which a single parent household as above may have one (or two) female head(s) in which, children are the focus (though not every family has children and this should be noted throughout the entirety of this Treatise). Ultimately, regardless of whether there is one, two,

three or more individuals within a direct familial relationship, Love is the foundation of that situation with Love being the beginning and end of all relationships.

Single parent households in comparison to two parent homes have the societal and economic responsibilities that make it harder to organise a daily routine, hold down a

job and (or) means to gain further education respectively that come with being in a single parent or joint familial relationship. The difficulties that a relationship brings are overshadowed by all that the relationship truly brings in the form of unity, respect, love and a shared vision of the future as a bridge to the open door of the past and present.

Only children have the joy and misfortune of freedom. That is to say, freedom to learn, grow and play in the presence of others whilst utilising all their parents have in the form of strength, knowledge and wisdom to promote their children to that pedestal that is sometimes missing when siblings are not there. Liberally speaking, time is an all so precious thing and when there is not enough time to manage the needs of

one child over another, it can be difficult. Children seek attention even where they don't realise it, be it self approbation, learning to drive, playing the guitar or even choosing their subjects at school. Without guidance self-confidence leads an individual but having the confidence in the first place to be able to ask for help or to make conscious decisions comes, at times from parents.

Middle child
'syndrome' is the
psychological term
that refers to the
experiences and
development of an
individual in and with
respect to a persons
siblings. Being a
middle child does not
mean that as a person
or as a child you are
unloved, rather, as it
was in my own family,
the love imagined to
be misdirected
towards the youngest
of my siblings led to a
great deal of
competition and
rivalry. The thought

was that at an earlier
stage of my own
development, I, whilst
lacking the maturity
to realise the need for
the same felt isolated
and alone in a world
that did not
understand where I
was coming from. I
failed to recognise
when people,
especially family
members and friends
had passed away, that
I could have
supported my family
better by filling the
void left by the
passing of my family
member(s) at the

time. Despite this fact, recognition of the fact that no two families work in precisely the same way has led me to realise that over reliance on specific people within society and within any given family can wear a person or people within that family down. Life is not easy and there is no manual on the face of the planet that will give you a breakdown of what to do when your emotions overpower you, but

talking and being present in the moment help to showcase the love and positive attitudes your family attempted to raise you with. Time allows childish thoughts and attitudes to alter but with respect to a reputation, sometimes time just doesn't have everything. As long as you put in the effort to direct your communication towards the people who matter the most, they and they alone

will see your true
nature shine through
the divergent trains
of thought espoused
by, for instance, work
mates or school and
college buddies or
even university
peers, the alumni you
learn to love as your
family when studying.
Suffice to say, even if
you feel down about
yourself, your family
may not necessarily
feel the same way;
talking makes a world
of difference.

Men and women
regardless of their
sex have no option
but to either develop
coping strategies in a
world without
parents or choose not
to. It took me a long
time to deal with my
parents divorce, and
an even longer time to
come to terms with
one of my parents
death. For having
known both of them, I
feel blessed. For
having remembered
and witnessed at-least
one of my parents
into maturity, I now
know I am blessed.

But that is my own
story, of which it may
bring little or no
comfort to yourself
the reader or more
than plenty; all i can
hope is that no matter
who your family are
now, you might still
have faith that the
knowledge, genes and
billions of years of god
tinged evolution that
led to your ability to
feel wind, rain or
sunlight, to hear and
to see, taste, feel and
smell may yet be the
same reason you
wake up and where
possible smile.

**Treatise on the
Importance of the
NonJudgemental
Role of Role Models**

**in Leadership
Structures**

If law from the ancient days of creation and idealism transferred to the modern age as idealism creation through law history was a British ideal With Magna Carta as the constitution of a nation post devolution could shake up the architectonic nature of society. There was once a time when i thought that being a role model involved

being a leader within a societal leadership structure. Once, I equally thought that being non-judgemental was the route to being a civil servant who works towards eradicating the social evils within our society, and respectful individuals though respectful have one thing I don't. As I write this book, I am realising that it takes more to be a role model, I've discovered, than solely self-determination. If you

as a person don't focus on being the potential that people see in you, then you don't see what it is that others see in you.

I have let myself down, my family, my friends and the people I should have been fighting for all because a selfish crusade to control something that wasn't mine in the first place has showcased how to fail at almost everything. If it is possible to put aside

your greed, ambition,
goals and potentially
your dreams, you
might see it as you
walk past the bustling
nightlife. You might
see it during the day
in the Capital cities of
the worlds most
privileged cities and
you might see it in the
most impoverished
and richest cities,
towns and villages of
every nation. as the
idea fades, the reality
begins and then
phases in and out of
my field of vision.
What i'm talking
about is something

that every parent,
friend, child and adult
alike should worry
about and fear in the
face of and obvious
advent of global
environmental
difficulties due to the
varying nature of the
challenge that none of
us fully realises. As
the seasons change,
winter becomes
spring, spring heats
up and spring moves
closer to being like
the winters of old.
Nature has a sense of
humour as O₃
molecules (made of
three oxygen atoms)

or ozone as it is known is a naturally occurring molecular particle bonded in a manner of which science has not quite yet discovered how to create the same. The hole in the ozone layer, forgotten by the worlds media can be plugged per se, as the atmosphere moves but in so doing, the layer grows thinner, hence with every tank, bomb, plane, car and boat sailing, the atmosphere that ordinarily has a tenacity to fix itself

becomes less stable. Stability meaning the acidity we all learn about in science lectures in school increases in the atmosphere as more hydrocarbons are pumped into the air (hence percentage of hydrogen or pH level of the rain water increases meaning even if the temperature of the Earth is reduced, the water still has a slightly acidic tinge en masse). Now, whilst its down to science and politics to

find new and novel
solutions to over
population, food
shortages, war and
poverty, illiteracy and
innumeracy, the
question must be
asked now and
understood as clearly
as possible. How do
we as a civilisation in
unison end poverty
internationally whilst
fighting to end wars
as opposed to
disrespecting a war
that was meant to end
all war.

Now, as to role
models and
nonjudgementalism,
the difference
between living in
Britain and the
Britain of my
childhood is the
difference between
partisan politics; and
limitation of the
freedoms we all now
share. Choices define
our leaders and
where they, the
country defined as
everyone in the
country of voting age
who has the ability to
move from Center-
Left to potentially

Center-Right is the difference between choosing to vote for the voiceless within our social order and assuming that because people of colour haven't "earned" the right to vote in the same way that classism and sexism as struggles against and (or) for bigotry must be overcome, eventually leads me to believe that classism and classic legislation defined by the late 1800s through to definition of

legislation beyond property rights as revolution upon revolution was defined by law. Untethered, modern law can if allowed refer to more than simply referendum and redevelopment of environmental rights for youth. Beyond war and selling armaments to Saudi Arabia, Scotland could return to idealism as a move to motion industry towards space and the development of satellites that focus

outwards as opposed
to only based on
meteorological
definitions of space
age technology. We
each understand the
technology behind a
microwave yet when
we view the fusion
process at the core of
the sun and
ultraviolet radiation
of the same emitted
from the frozen
wastes of a space
teeming with literal
worlds undiscovered.
The gold rush hasn't
yet started but the
countdown to see who
can be better

equipped to find a new
home for humanity is
the challenge that
Presidents Putin and
Trump are fighting
for. Meanwhile a new
fleet of planes is being
shipped to British
shores in the
interests of
neighbourly support
for South America
(?).

The Britain of my
childhood had the
words Going for Gold
in libraries. London
2012 and the Olympic
Village where Gold

medals were won for Britain are a testament to that very fact.

Role models don't have race, sex or anything other than a voice as hero's. they stand for something and are representative of not just what they stand for but who they stand for. UKIP and BNP stood for a Britain I don't know, and irrespective must be respected because Brexit (the British

exit from Europe is happening). People who are likely to be remembered in history, Labour leaders as an example stand for the working people of Britain and Trade Unions but not just the working people, but all people who support their cause, to upheave society.

The Conservative and Unionist Party argue for the people of the Commonwealth who support and respect

Royal Prerogative.
Green Party agenda's
are environmental.
Liberal Democrats
work for middle
income families.
Socialists work
towards a Marxist
ideal (Karl Marx
being the father of
social income like for
instance overdrafts
and benefit
infrastructures that
work to feed babies
and help mothers
cope with work
through tax breaks
and assistance from
the government with
child tax and working

tax assistance);
Christian Democrats I
can only assume work
towards a Christian
Revival in politics. So,
which party works
tirelessly to stop and
help alleviate poverty
and ultimately give
people homes
regardless of whether
they want them or
not? ..in
Britain? ..worldwide?

As a use of my
right to freedom of
speech (as I didn't
vote, which is my
right as a voter,
regardless of whether
people died so that i

can vote or not..) I
wanted to ask the
reader, when will
Jewish people have a
right to a history free
of the reminder of
Hitlers former
German
Administration (of
which he was gravely
mistaken in starting a
war)? When will
Hitler be laid to rest
as opposed to glorified
in the media as
Satan? When will
German people be
respected by every
voice for the changes
they have made to
Europe despite the

stiff opposition to
their inclusion in the
European Parliament.
They, the people,
deserve respect just
as Einstein was
wrong to lead science
and be immortalised
instead of leading
Israel and creating
Global Peace whilst
African rebellion to
colonialism led to
mass starvation and
civil revolt despite
flooding in Eastern
Timor and in-front of
the United Nations
failed drama; former
U.S President
Woodrow Wilsons

The Autumnal of Sunshine

dream. The League of Nations is gone, Star Trek was a Television series, but the reality of life is not the warning for the future that the Matrix was (and is).

Nelson Mandela, a freedom fighter to some and a soldier or murderer to others, prisoner to others still. He left a legacy in his parting public words. "Be the change you wish to see in the world".

Proof